

# THE ARIEL.

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

Published every other Saturday, by ELLWOOD WALTER, No. 71, Market-street, Philadelphia, at ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance.—All letters must be post-paid, and addressed to E. Walter.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1827.

NO. 1.

## TO THE READER.

With the present number commences the regular publication of the ARIEL; and with prospects of success so very flattering, that we feel called on to express our gratitude for the extensive patronage which has been so liberally bestowed.

The Ariel is intended to be an agreeable companion in the hands of every literary reader, containing a variety of solid matter, and a portion of light and miscellaneous reading. The best foreign and American periodicals will be freely used to furnish its pages with the cream of the passing literature of the day; and no exertion or expense will be withheld to render it deserving of its fast increasing circulation. Believing that the matter contained in this number will sufficiently indicate the nature of the work, we deem it unnecessary to say more.

Well written original communications, upon any subject but politics and religion; reviews, and notices of literary matters; sketches of life and manners; poetry; and selections adapted to the character of the Ariel, will be very welcome.

The ARIEL will continue to be published every other Saturday, in its present form, for one year, at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR.

## MERIWETHER LEWIS, ESQ.

The portrait of captain Lewis, given in the present number, is taken from a drawing of that officer belonging to his fellow traveller, governor Clark, who considers it an excellent likeness, and prizes it highly. The ornaments worn by him when in the costume of an Indian warrior, (as presented in the picture) are preserved in the Philadelphia museum. The following biographical sketch is taken from the life of captain Lewis, written by Mr. Jefferson, and prefixed to the interesting history of the expedition to the Pacific ocean, under the command of captains Lewis and Clark.

Meriwether Lewis, late governor of Louisiana, was born in August, 1774, near Charlottesville, Virginia, of one of the distinguished families of that state. Having lost his father at an early age, he continued some years under the care of a tender mother, and was remarkable, even in his childhood, for enterprise, boldness and discretion. At thirteen he was put to the Latin school, and continued at that until eighteen, when he again returned to his mother, and entered on the care of his farm; having been left by his father with a competency. His talent for observation, which had led him to an accurate knowledge of the plants and animals of his own country, would have distinguished him as a farmer; but at the age of twenty, yielding to the ardour of youth, and a passion for more dazzling pursuits, he engaged as a volunteer in the body of militia which were called out by general Washington, on occasion of the discontents produced by the excise taxes in the western parts of the United States; and from that situation he was removed to the regular service as a lieutenant in the line. At twenty-three he was promoted to a captaincy; and, always attracting the first attention where punctuality and fidelity were requisite, he was appointed paymaster to his regiment.

In 1803, the act for establishing trading houses with the Indian tribes being about to

expire, some modifications of it were recommended to congress by a confidential message of January 18th, and an extension of its views to the Indians on the Missouri. In order to prepare the way, the message proposed the sending an exploring party to trace the Missouri to its source, to cross the highlands, and follow the best water communication which offered itself from thence to the Pacific ocean. Congress approved the proposition, and voted a sum of money for carrying it into execution. Captain Lewis, who had then been near two years with me as private secretary, immediately renewed his solicitations to have the direction of the party. I had now had opportunities of knowing him intimately. Of courage undaunted, possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian character, customs, and principles; habituated to the hunting life; guarded by exact observation of the vegetables and animals of his own country, against losing time in the description of objects already possessed; honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding, and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves; with all these qualifications, as if selected and implanted by nature in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him. To fill up the measure desired, he wanted nothing but a greater familiarity with the technical language of the natural sciences, and readiness in the astronomical observations necessary for the geography of his route. To acquire these he repaired immediately to Philadelphia, and placed himself under the tutorage of the distinguished professors of that place, who with a zeal and emulation, enkindled by an ardent devotion to science, communicated to him freely the information requisite for the purposes of the journey.

Deeming it necessary he should have some person with him of known competence to the direction of the enterprise, in the event of accident to himself, he proposed William Clark, brother of general George Rogers Clark, who was approved, and, with that view, received a commission as captain.

In April, 1803, captain Lewis received a draught of his instructions for the expedition.

While these things were going on here, the country of Louisiana, lately ceded by Spain to France, had been the subject of negotiation at Paris between us and this last power; and had actually been transferred to us by treaties executed at Paris on the thirtieth of April. This information, received about the first day of July, increased infinitely the interest we felt in the expedition, and lessened the apprehensions of interruption from other powers. Every thing in this quarter being now prepared, captain Lewis left Washington on the fifth of July, 1803, and proceeded to Pittsburg, where other articles had been ordered to be provided for him. The men too were to be selected from the military stations on the Ohio. Delays of preparation, difficulties of navigation

down the Ohio, and other untoward obstructions, retarded his arrival at Cahokia until the season was so far advanced as to render it prudent to suspend his entering the Missouri before the ice should break up in the succeeding spring.

From this time his journal, now published, will give the history of his journey to and from the Pacific ocean, until his return to St. Louis, on the twenty-third day of September, 1806. Never did a similar event excite more joy through the United States. The humblest of its citizens had taken a lively interest in the issue of this journey, and looked forward with impatience for the information it would furnish.

It was the middle of February, 1807, before captain Lewis, with his companion captain Clark, reached the city of Washington, where congress was then in session. That body granted to the two chiefs and their followers the donation of lands which they had been encouraged to expect in reward of their toil and dangers. Captain Lewis was soon after appointed governor of Louisiana, and captain Clark a general of its militia, and agent of the United States for Indian affairs in that department.

A considerable time intervened before the governor's arrival at St. Louis. He found the territory distracted by feuds and contentions among the officers of the government, and the people themselves divided by these into factions and parties. He determined at once to take no side with either; but to use every endeavor to conciliate and harmonize them. The even-handed justice he administered to all soon established a respect for his person and authority; and perseverance and time wore down animosities, and reunited the citizens again into one family.

Governor Lewis had, from early life, been subject to hypochondriac affections. It was a constitutional disposition in all the nearer branches of the family of his name, and was more immediately inherited by him from his father. They had not, however, been so strong as to give uneasiness to his family. While he lived with me in Washington, I observed at times sensible depressions of mind; but knowing their constitutional source, I estimated their course by what I had seen in the family. During his western expedition, the constant exertion which that required of all the faculties of body and mind, suspended these distressing affections; but after his establishment at St. Louis, in sedentary occupations, they returned upon him with redoubled vigor, and began seriously to alarm his friends. He was in a paroxysm of one of these when his affairs rendered it necessary for him to go to Washington. He proceeded to the Chicasaw Bluffs, where he arrived on the sixteenth of September, 1809, with a view of continuing his journey thence by water. Mr. Neely, agent of the U. States with the Chicasaw Indians, arriving there two days after, found him extremely indisposed, and betraying at times some symptoms of a derangement of mind. The rumors of a war with England, and apprehensions that he might lose the papers he was bringing on, among which were the vouchers of his public accounts and the journals and papers of his western expedition, induced him here to change

his mind, and to take his course by land thro' the Chicasaw country. Although he appeared somewhat relieved, Mr. Neely kindly determined to accompany and watch over him. Unfortunately, at their encampment, after having passed the Tennessee one day's journey, they lost two horses, which obliged Mr. Neely to halt for their recovery; the governor proceeded, under a promise to wait for him at the house of the first white inhabitant on his road. He stopped at the house of Mr. Grinder, who not being at home, his wife, alarmed at the symptoms of derangement she discovered, gave him up the house and retired to an out-house, the governor's and Neely's servants lodging in another. About three o'clock in the night he did the deed which plunged his friends into affliction, and deprived his country of one of her most valued citizens.

The closing scene of Captain Lewis' life is thus described by Alexander Wilson:

Next morning (Sunday) I rode six miles to the house of one Grinder, where our friend Lewis perished. In the same room where he expired, I took down from Mrs. Grinder the particulars of that melancholy event, which affected me extremely. This house, or cabin, is 22 miles from Nashville, and is the last white man's as you enter the Indian country. Governor Lewis, she said, came thither at about sun-set, alone, and enquired if he could stay for the night—and alighting, brought his saddle into the house. He was dressed in a loose gown, white, striped with blue. On being asked if he came alone, he replied that there were two servants behind, who would soon come up. He called for some spirits, and drank very little. When the servants arrived, one of whom was a negro, he enquired for his powder, saying he was sure he had some powder in a cannister. The servant made no distinct reply, and Lewis in the meanwhile walked to and fro before the door, talking to himself. Sometimes, she said, he would seem as if he were walking up to her, and he would suddenly wheel round, and walk back as fast as he could. Supper being ready, he sat down, but he had eaten only a few mouthfuls, when he started up, speaking to himself in a violent manner. At these times, she says, she observed his face to flush, as if it had come on him in a fit. He lighted his pipe, and drawing his chair to the door, sat down saying to Mrs. Grinder in a kind tone of voice, "Madam, this is a very pleasant evening."

He smoked for some time, but quitted his seat and traversed the yard as before. He again sat down to his pipe, seemed again composed, and casting his eyes wistfully towards the West, observed what a sweet evening it was. Mrs. Grinder was preparing a bed for him, but he said he would sleep on the floor, and desired the servant to bring the bear skins and buffalo robe, which were instantly spread for him. It being now dusk, the woman went off to the kitchen, and the two men to the barn, which is about two hundred yards distant. The kitchen is only a few paces from the room where Lewis was, and the woman being considerably alarmed, could not sleep, but listened to him walking backwards and forwards, several hours, and talking aloud, as she said, like a lawyer. She then heard the report of a pistol, and the words, "Oh Lord!" Immediately afterwards she heard the report of another pistol, and something falling heavily on the floor, and in a few moments she heard him call out, "O, Madam, give me some water, and heal my wounds." The logs being open and unplastered, she saw him stagger back and fall against a stump that stands between the kitchen and the room. He crawled for some distance, and raised himself by the side of a tree, where he sat about a minute. He

once more got to the room, afterwards he came to the kitchen door, but did not speak—she then heard him scraping the bucket with a gourd, for water—but it appears this cooling element was denied him!

As soon as the day broke, and not before, (the terror of the woman having permitted him to remain for two hours in the most deplorable situation) she sent two of her children to the barn, her husband not being at home, to bring the servants; and on coming in, they found him lying on the bed. He uncovered his side, and showed them where the bullet had entered. He begged they would take his rifle and shoot him, for he was in great agony, and he would give them all the money in his trunk. He often said, "I am no coward, but I am so strong—SO HARD TO DIE." He begged the servant not to be afraid of him, for he would not hurt him. He expired in about two hours; just as the sun rose above the trees. He lies buried close by the common path, with a few loose rails thrown over his grave. I gave to Grinder money to put a post fence round it, to shelter it from the hogs and wolves, and he gave me his written promise he would do it. I left the place in a very melancholy mood, which was not allayed by the prospect of the gloomy and savage wilderness which I was just entering upon.

The annexed beautiful poem, to the memory of the ill-fated Lewis, is from the pen of the American Ornithologist, and was written shortly after his visit to the last earthly abiding place of his intrepid friend.

Far hence be each accusing thought!  
Let tears of silent sorrow flow;  
Pale pity consecrates the spot,  
Where poor lost Lewis now lies low.  
This lonely grave—this bed of clay,  
Neglected—dug the path-way near;  
Unfenced from midnight beasts of prey,  
Excites affliction's bitterest tear.  
The soldier brave, of dauntless heart,  
The Chief beloved, the comrade dear;  
Of honor'd worth, the mortal part  
Moulders in sacred silence here.  
His was the peril, glory, pride,  
First of his country to explore  
Whence vast Missouri's currents glide,  
Where never white-man trod before.  
Her roaring cataracts he scaled,  
Her mountains of eternal snow;  
There his brave band the rivers hail'd,  
That westward to the ocean flow.  
Subdued by boldness, and amazed  
At daring deeds unknown before;  
The hordes of Indian warriors gazed,  
And loved them for the hearts they bore.  
Far down Columbia's foamy steeps,  
He led his brave, adventurous band;  
Plough'd the Pacific's billowy deeps,  
And stood triumphant on the strand.  
Twice fourteen months of peril past,  
Again the Alpine snows they spurn;  
Their country opes to view at last,  
And millions welcome their return.  
The learn'd on Europe's distant lands,  
With joy the great arrival hail;  
And fame on tip-toe ready stands,  
To spread the wonders of their tale.  
O! sad reverse!—O! mournful end,  
Of this high destiny, so dear;  
He, the lov'd Chieftain of their band,  
Fell friendless and unhonored here.  
The anguish that his soul assail'd—  
The dark despair that round him flew;  
No eye save that of Heaven beheld—  
None but unfeeling strangers knew!  
Bereaved of Hope's sweet angel form,  
Griefs rose on grief, and fears on fear;  
Poor reason perished in the storm,  
And desperation triumphed here.  
Fast poured the purple streams of life,  
His burning lips one drop did crave;  
Abandon'd midst the bloody strife,  
He sunk unfriended in the grave.

Unhappy youth! here rest thy head,  
Beloved, lamented by the brave;  
Though silent deserts round thee spread,  
And wild beasts trample on thy grave.

Here reap the peace life could not give—  
But while thy own Missouri flows,  
Thy name, dear Lewis still shall live,  
And ages yet lament thy woes.

Lone as these solitudes appear,  
Wide as this wilderness is spread;  
Affection's steps shall linger here,  
To breathe her sorrows o'er the dead.

The Indian hunter slow and sad,  
Who wanders with his rifle near,  
With solemn awe shall hither tread  
To mourn a brother hunter here.

The pilgrim boatman on his way,  
Shall stand this humble grave to view;  
"Here Lewis lies," he'll mournful say,  
While tears his manly cheek bedew.

Far hence be each accusing thought,  
With his my kindred tears shall flow;  
Pale pity consecrates the spot,  
Where poor lost Lewis now lies low.

#### A PRAYER, BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Eternal and incomprehensible Mind, who, by thy boundless power, before time began, created innumerable worlds for thy glory, and innumerable orders of beings for their sole happiness, which thy infinite goodness prompted thee to know. We, thy creatures, vanish into nothing before thy supreme Majesty; we hourly feel our weakness; we daily bewail our vices; we continually acknowledge our folly. If creatures too ignorant to conceive, and too depraved to pursue, the means of their own happiness, may without presumption express wants to their Creator, let us humbly supplicate thee to remove from us that evil, which thou hast permitted for a time to exist, that the ultimate good of all be complete, and to secure us from that vice which thou sufferest to spread snares around us, that the triumph of virtue may be more conspicuous. Irradiate our minds with all useful truth, instil into our hearts a spirit of general benevolence, give understanding to the foolish; meekness to the proud; temperance to the dissolute; fortitude to the feeble hearted; hope to the desponding; faith to the unbelieving; diligence to the slothful; patience to those who are in pain;—celestial aid to those who are in danger; comfort to the afflicted; relieve the distressed; supply the hungry with salutary food, and the thirsty with a plentiful stream. Be indulgent to our imperfect nature, and supply our imperfections with thy heavenly favor. When we address thee in our retirement from the vanities of the world, if our prayers are foolish, pity us; if presumptuous, pardon us; if acceptable to thee, grant them; all powerful God, grant them: And, as with our living voice, and with our dying lips, we will express our submission to thy decrees, adore thy providence, and bless thy dispensations; so in all future states to which thy goodness will raise us, as we reverently hope, grant that we may continue praising, admiring, venerating, worshipping thee more and more, through worlds without number, and ages without end.

He that feasts his body with banquets and delicate fare, and starves his soul for want of spiritual food, is like him that feasts his slave and starves his own wife.

Let us not approach before God's holy altar before we have made peace with our offended brother; for to what end should we come to the God of peace, without peace?—for the remission of our own sins, without any intention to forgive one another? How can he, that is not pleased with his brother, think to please the God of his brother; seeing that God commands him not to be angry, but to forgive him.



## DEATH OF JUDGE TILGHMAN.

From the National Gazette.

Died, on the 26th of April, full of years and fame, WILLIAM TILGHMAN, Chief Justice of this Commonwealth.

This high, responsible, and laborious office was sustained by him for twenty-six years with integrity above suspicion, honor untarnished, urbanity of manners which tempered justice, and an ability which has raised a monument to his memory that time will not impair.

To him was consigned the difficult task of amalgamating the principles of equity with those of the Common Law, and altho' but little could have been expected, where the power to compel equity by its own rules was denied by the legislature, yet so much has been done as to shew that the fault lay not with the Courts, that all was not done that equity required. The Courts could punish injustice, where it could be reached by the ordinary rules of evidence, and restore rights which had been violated, but where they can neither restrain nor prevent injustice or oppression, nor reach the conscience of the aggressor, irremediable evils must often be suffered. Having no feeling in his station but to maintain the dignity of the law and the purity of justice, he submitted to the labor, almost beyond his years and constitution, of recording all that transpired in every case, to be able in his chamber to deliberate upon it, uninfluenced by the atmosphere of a court. As a citizen, he was distinguished by an active co-operation in the melioration of the condition of mankind, the advancement of science, the promotion of public improvements, and the development of the national resources. Whenever these objects required it, he cheerfully gave the weight of his high character, and "ne'er gave up to party what was meant for mankind." When such a man dies, well may it be said that a great man has fallen in Israel.

When a man without selfish or private views, tried by high trusts and never found wanting, whose habits of self-denial had given him the mastery over his passions, and who never appeared before the public but when honor, humanity, or patriotism led the way, is taken from us, it is easier to feel than repair the loss.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we have to announce to our readers the death of the Hon. RUFUS KING. He breathed his last on Sunday evening, in the seventy-third year of his age, at his late residence, No. 518, Broadway, New-York.

As a husband, as a father, as a friend, he faithfully performed his sacred duties. As a statesman, he was profound, sagacious and faithful; and he has left a name that will be treasured by ten millions of freemen, as an invaluable legacy.

"He sleeps with the great—and sweet be his sleep,  
And hushed be the requiem of sorrow;  
His star hath gone down, like the sun hid in storms,  
To rise in new glory to-morrow."

**LADIES' HATS.**—It is perceived that the belles of the city, says the Albany Gazette, are reviving the fashion of immoderately large hats, which completely puts at fault the gaze of gallants. A friend, who is an admirer of angelic features, tells us that the other day he was completely blockaded from entering a fashionable dry goods shop by one of these unconscionable superstructures, mounted upon the head of a damsel who stood upon the walk in front of the door.—Shop-keepers are advised to open both of their folding doors, lest by failing to do so they shut out trade from those who cannot enter under full sail, as it is always disagreeable to lower the peake, or take in a reef when making for port.

**COOKING APPARATUS.**—Mr. Wesserfield, says the New-York American, has invented a Kitchen Grate, which is so constructed that a family of ordinary size may do all their roasting, baking, washing and ironing, with a small open fire, either of anthracite or foreign coal, or any other kind of fuel. It is set permanently in the kitchen fire-place, with mason work, takes up but little room, and is the most economical, neat and best apparatus for cooking, that has yet been brought into use. For large hotels it is invaluable. The oven is always heated to the right temperature, and is so divided into apartments, that pastry, puddings, and other kinds of baking can go on at the same time. A boiler may be attached to the grate, that will keep a barrel of water or more constantly boiling. The time taken up in bringing wood, building and replenishing the fire in the old fashioned kitchen fire-places, is in a great measure saved in this grate. A fire of anthracite coal will not need replenishing more than three times during the four-and-twenty hours. Four of these grates have already been put up, and one in a kitchen fire-place, where, altho' a number of experiments and alterations had been made to cure it of smoking, yet never could be remedied until now. This consideration alone makes it an object to such as have smoky chimneys.

**ALL IS LOST.**—Brantome thus relates the death of Mademoiselle de Limuel, maid of honor to queen Catharine de Medicis. She had dishonored her birth by her dissolute life. At the approach of death, she sent for a valet of hers, named Julien, who played remarkably well on the violin. Julien, said she, take your violin and play me "The Defeat of the Swiss." Play it as well as you can, and don't leave off till you see me dead; and when you come to the words, "All is lost," repeat that part four or five times in the most plaintive manner you can. Her valet did as she desired, and she herself assisted him with her voice. And when they came to that part, "All is lost," she repeated it twice, and turning to the other side of her bed, she said to her companions, "All is lost, indeed, now," and so she died.

## LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

**MORNING DRESS.**—Dress of jaconet muslin: the corsage made to fit the shape, and ornamented on each side with two rouleaux of lavender colour satin, approximating at the waist, and spreading like a stomacher towards the shoulder; bows of the same colour adorn the front of the dress; two are placed above the ceinture, and six below, at equal distances. The hem at the bottom of the dress has a broad satin ribbon drawn through it. Tucker of blond drawn close at the top, and tied behind with narrow ribbon. The sleeves are en gigot, and have two satin rouleaux extending from a bow on the shoulder to the wrist, and are intercepted by a second bow at the elbow. Gold bracelets, with amethyst clasps, confine the sleeves.

**EVENING DRESS.**—Dress of white crepe lisse, over a lavender-colour Turkish satin-slip; the corsage is full, and the waist long; the sleeves are in the Chinese taste, and are formed of four divisions, with projecting points half way, edged with lavender-coloured satin, and terminating round the arm with a broad satin band, edged with narrow blond; tucker of the same. The skirt is decorated with three rows of the same material as the dress, ornamented with small lavender-colour satin rouleaux, en carreaux, and large roses of emarginate satin leaves, with crepe-lisse centres; beneath is a rouleaux of satin. Sicilian gauze scarf; lavender-colour sash tied behind in short bows and long ends.

**THE CREATION OF WOMAN.**—In a company where the conversation happened to turn upon the Mosaic account of the creation of the first woman, a lady made the following remark: "The Creator appears, in this story, in the light of a midnight robber: he steals from Adam in his sleep." "Allow me, madam," said a gentleman, "to narrate an anecdote by way of argument against your objection. Last night, some persons broke into my father's house: they carried away a bar of silver, and left in its place a richly chased golden vase: can we consider these men as thieves?"—"Thieves!" exclaimed the lady, "no, benefactors." "Well, then," said the gentleman, "in what manner ought we to regard Him who took away a worthless rib, and gave in exchange an inestimable treasure?"

## BALLAD.

A lover to his lady's bower,  
With silent steps came softly stealing;  
The dew was on the leaf and flower,  
And night and shade the earth concealing;  
He drew his lute, and breathed this lay—  
"Oh, Lady, list, thy lover's pining!—  
The night is innocent as day—  
Where love, and love alone, is reigning!"

The lady from her lattice high  
Came stealing, too, on feet as soundless;  
She heard his lute, and heard his sigh,  
Which told a tale of passion boundless.  
"I know thee not, thou'rt some false lover;  
For love's light sins by night, the day  
Will by its waking blush discover.

"Vice, when he wears the mask of night,  
May look as fair as holy Virtue,  
But you discern by day's true light,  
The sin disguised which came to hurt you.  
The hawk by night may woo the dove,  
And seem a dove—as tame and tender,  
But with the day she knows her love,  
And seeks her dove-cote to defend her."

"Oh, think not so, thou lady rare!  
The moon for us safe watch is keeping,  
And we on bliss may fully fare,  
When all the world, save us, are sleeping!  
Descend, my lady dear, descend—  
And where love is be never fearful;  
Pure love had never sinful end—  
Of love and lovers heaven is careful!

"Then say not so—oh say not so—  
Thy words descend like drops of sorrow!  
Yet since thou wilt not true love know,  
Thou shalt behold him on the morrow.  
May all good angels guard thy head,  
When softly laid on slumber's pillow,  
But I shall lie on torture's bed,  
And restless as on ocean's billow!"

They parted them—the morrow came,  
And to her bower a knight came riding;  
She knew him, by his scarf of flame,  
To be a lord, and wept her chiding.  
"Now tell me, surly groom—now say,  
Is thy all-worshipped Lady waking?  
And does she know this night's delay  
Weighs on my heart as it were breaking?"

"Tell her I come from the Holy Wars,  
With the scarf she bound about me,  
Unstained, unshamed by the Moselm scars,  
With my trophies round about me!  
For Richard's right, and England's might,  
My sword and battle-axe were wielded;  
For these I fought the Christian fight,  
Till every Paynim foe had yielded."

Fair lady Emma from her couch came,  
And, weeping as she ran, embraced him;  
She knew him by the scarf of flame,  
And by the plumed helm which graced him.  
"Oh, droop not so—oh, weep not so—  
Thou art still true and tender-hearted;  
We've parted once, but never mo'  
Shall our dear loves and lives be parted!

"Then let the merry bells ring round,  
And the feast be largely given,  
For I am now on England's ground,  
The holy night of heaven!  
Let the priest knight by taper's light  
Unite us fast as love would be;  
And be the glee sung, and the carillon rung,  
And the feast and the flask move merrily!"

## THE SPOILED CHILD.

My Aunt Shakerly was of an enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions. There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, till the mass is rounded off by shadows, that make the hand hesitate, and apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth: how, then, should I have ventured to trace—like mapping in a continent—the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly!

What a visage was hers!—her cheeks, a pair of hemispheres:—her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin. Her arm cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster,—her body like the feather bed, of Ware. The waist, which, in other trunks, is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone of a continuous tract of flesh;—her ankles overlapped her shoes.

With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary. When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river breeze, was her favourite resort. But never in all her water-side promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the waterman. With looks purposely averted he declined, tacitly, such a Fairlopian Fair. The hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals—had just broken his poles. Thus, her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares besides, being strange to her and inaccessible, such as Thames street, through the narrow pavements;—others, like the Hill of Holborn, from their impracticable steepness. How she was finally to master a more serious ascension, (the sensible encumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations) was a matter of her serious despondency—a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

For a person of her elephantine proportions, my Aunt was of a kindly nature—for I confess a prejudice against such giantesses. She was cheerful, and eminently charitable to the poor, although she did not condescend to a personal visitation to their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by often repeated indulgencies, and untimely severities, the common practices of bad mothers;—It was by a shorter course that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.

Oh, my tender cousin \* \*! (for thou wert yet unbaptised.) Oh! would thou hadst been—my little babe-cousin—of a savage mother born!—For then, having thee comfortably swaddled upon a backboard, with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up, out of harm's way, above the mantle shelf, or behind the kitchen door—whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so, having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlor chair!

In the mean time the "Herald" came.—Next to an easy seat, my Aunt daily loved a police newspaper; when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer;—the world and the roasting jack stood equally still. So, without a second thought, she dropped herself in the nursing chair. One little smothered cry—my cousin's last breath—found its way into the upper air,—but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

My Aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the "Herald" from end to end. When she did rise,—which was suddenly,—the earth quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers splashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cat and rats ran out together, as they are said to do from a falling house.

"Heyday!" said my uncle above stairs, as he staggered from the concussion—and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket-book for the royal birth day. But the almanac not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs, at the heels of the housemaid—and there laid my Aunt, stretched on the parlor floor, in a fit. At the very first glimpse he explained the matter to his own satisfaction, in three words—

"Ah—the apoplexy!"

Now the house-maid had done her part to secure him against this error, by holding up the dead child; but as she turned the body edge-ways, he did not perceive it. When he did see it—but I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbour called in, and asked if we should not have the coroner to sit on the body;—but my uncle replied, "There is no need." "But in cases, Mr. Shakerly, where the death is not natural—" "My dear madam," interrupted my uncle,—"it was a natural death enough."

## FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.  
MISS ELIZABETH BENDER.

DIED, January 9th, Elizabeth O. Bender.—This excellent woman was born at the city of Wells, in 1778. Her father, late in life, was impelled by an adventurous disposition to enter the navy, and become a purser. The vicissitudes of his fortune occasioned, during many years, a distressing fluctuation in the plans and prospects of his wife and daughter; and his death abroad, in 1796, left them finally with a slender provision. For some years after this event, Miss Bender resided with her mother in Wiltshire. An ardour for knowledge disclosed itself in her early childhood, and never left her. Her connexions were not literary; and her sex, no less than her situation, debarred her from the means of mental cultivation. She has been heard to relate, that in the want of books which she at one time suffered, it was her common practice to plant herself at the window of the only bookseller's shop in the little town where she then lived, to read the open pages of the new publications, and to return again, day after day, to examine, whether by good fortune, a leaf of any of them might be turned over. But the bent of her mind was so decided, that a judicious friend prevailed upon her mother at length to indulge it; and about the age of twelve, she was sent to a boy's school to be instructed in Latin. About 1802, she prevailed upon her mother to remove to London, where, principally through the zealous friendship of Miss Sarah Wesley, she almost immediately found herself ushered into society where her merit was appreciated. The late Dr. George Gregory and his wife were amongst the firmest of her friends. By them she was introduced to Mrs. E. Hamilton, of whom she has given so interesting a memoir; soon after to Mrs. Barbauld, and to the late Dr. Aikin. She was intimate also in the family of Mr. Smirke, the architect, in whose daughter she found a friend through life. Mrs. Joanna Baillie, and Mr. T.

Campbell, must not be forgotten in the list of those who took an interest in her society.—Early in her literary career, Miss Bender was induced to fix her hopes of fame upon the drama, but after ample experience of the anxieties, delays and disappointments, which in this age sicken the heart of every candidate for celebrity in that department of literature, she tried her powers in other attempts, and produced first her poem on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and afterwards two novels, published anonymously. Her success, however, was not decided till she embarked in biography, and produced in succession her Memoirs of Mrs. E. Hamilton, of John Tobin, and Notices of Klopstock and his friends, prefixed to a Translation of their letters from the German; and finally her Life of Anne Boleyn, and Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of the Queen of Bohemia; and she would probably have added to her reputation by the Memoirs of Henry IV. of France, had longer life been lent her for their completion. Lamented as she must long and painfully be by all who truly knew her excellencies, they cannot but admit that her regrets are selfish. To her the pains of sensibility were dealt in even larger measure than its joys:—she was tried by cares, privations and disappointments, and not seldom by unfeeling slights and thankless neglect. The infirmity of her constitution rendered life to her a long disease. Old age would have found her solitary and unprovided: now she has taken the wings of the dove, to flee away and be at rest.

Mrs. ADAMS.—There has been preserved a letter written by Mrs. Adams to a friend, at one of the most gloomy periods of the revolutionary war, in which she thus expresses the noble patriotism which she cherished in common with her husband—"Heaven is our witness that we do not rejoice in the effusion of blood, or the carnage of the human species; but, having been forced to draw the sword, we are determined never to sheathe it slaves of Britain. Our cause, sir, is, I trust, the cause of truth and justice, and will finally prevail, though the combined force of earth and hell should rise against it. To this cause I have sacrificed much of my own personal happiness, by giving up to the councils of America, one of my nearest connexions, and living for more than three years in a state of widowhood."

## THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

(BY AN AMERICAN.)

Land where the bones of our fathers are sleeping!  
Land where our dear ones and fond ones are weeping!  
Land where the light of Jehovah is shining!  
We leave thee lamenting, but not with repining.

Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean—  
Dark is our hearts; but the fire of devotion  
Kindles within; and a far distant nation  
Shall learn from our lips the glad song of salvation.

Hail to the land of our toil and our sorrows!  
Land of our rest! when a few more to-morrows  
Pass o'er our heads, we will seek our cold pillows,  
And rest in our graves, far away o'er the billows.

## CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

'Tis sweet, to think there still is one,  
Whose bosom beats for me,  
Who closer clings as others shun,  
Who'll never, never flee.

The faithful bird that cleaves the air,  
Through trackless regions flies,  
But still one hope, one thought is there,  
To cheer him through the skies.

Affection's chart his pinions guide,  
Remembrance lends its light,  
While to his mate, his bosom's pride,  
He speeds his homeward flight.



**ELEGANT EXTRACT.**—The female mind is naturally credulous, affectionate, and in its attachments, ardent. If, in her peculiar situation, her assiduities must in any degree be culpable, let us remember that this is but a frail vessel of refined clay. When the awful record of her errors is unrolled, may that sigh which was breathed for the misery of a fellow mortal, waft away the scroll, and the tears which flowed for the calamities of others, float the memorial down the stream of oblivion!—On the errors of woman let us look with the allowance and humanity of men. Enchanting woman! thou balm of life! soother of my sorrows! solace of the soul! How dost thou lessen the load of human misery, and lead the wretch into the vale of delight. Without thee how heavily would man drag through a weary world! But, if the warmly pressed hand of a loved and fascinating female be twined around his supporting arm, how joyous how lightly doth he trip along the path! The warm and tender friend, who, in the most trying situations retains her fondness, and in every change of fortune preserves unabated love, ought to be embraced as the best benison of heaven—the completer of earthly happiness. Let a man draw such a prize in the lottery of life, and glide down the stream of existence with such a partner, neither the coldly averted eye of the summer friend, nor the frowns of an adverse fortune should produce a pang, nor excite a murmur.

#### ROMAN WOMEN.

The Roman women, as well as the Grecian, were under perpetual guardianship; and were not at any age, nor in any condition, ever trusted with the management of their own fortunes.

Every father had the power of life and death over his own daughters: but this power was not restricted to daughters only; it extended also to sons.

The Oppian law prohibited women from having more than half an ounce of gold employed in ornamenting their persons, from wearing clothes of divers colours, and from riding in chariots, either in the city, or a thousand paces round it.

They were strictly forbid to use wine, or even to have in their possession the key of any place where it was kept. For either of these faults they were liable to be divorced by their husbands. So careful were the Romans in restraining their women from wine, that they are supposed to have first introduced the custom of saluting their female relations and acquaintances, on entering into the house of a friend or neighbor, that they might discover by their breath, whether they had tasted any of that liquor.

This strictness, however, began in time to be relaxed; until, at last, luxury becoming too strong for every law, the women indulged themselves in equal liberties with the men.

But such was not the case in the earlier ages of Rome. Romulus even permitted husbands to kill their wives, if they found them drinking wine. And if we believe Valerius Maximus, Fagnatus Metellus, having detected his wife drinking out of a cask, actually made use of this permission, and was acquitted by Romulus.

Fabius Pictor relates that the parents of a Roman lady, having detected her picking the lock of a chest which contained some wine, shut her up and starved her to death.

Women were liable to be divorced by their husbands almost at pleasure, provided the portion was returned which they had brought along with them. They were also liable to be divorced for ill temper, which, if it could be

construed into a fault, was at least the fault of nature, and might sometimes be that of the husband.

A few sumptuary laws, a subordination to the men, and a total want of authority, do not so much affect the sex, as to be coldly and indelicately treated by their husbands.

Such a treatment is touching them in the tenderest part. Such, however, we have reason to believe, they often met with from the Romans, who had not yet learned, as in modern times to blend the rigidity of the patriot, and roughness of the warrior, with the soft and indulging behaviour, so conspicuous in our modern patriots and heroes.

Husbands among the Romans not only themselves behaved roughly to their wives, but even sometimes permitted their servants and slaves to do the same. The principal eunuch of Justinian the second, threatened to chastise the empress, his master's wife, in the manner that children are chastised at school, if she did not obey his orders.

With regard to the private diversions of the Roman ladies, history is silent. Their public ones were such as were common to both sexes; as bathing, theatrical representations, horse races, shows of wild beasts, which fought against one another, and sometimes against men, whom the emperors, in the plenitude of their despotic power, ordered to engage them.

The Romans, of both sexes, spent a great deal of time at the baths; which at first, perhaps, were interwoven with their religion, but at last were only considered as refinements in luxury. They were places of public resort, where all the news of the times were to be heard, where people met with their acquaintances and friends, where public libraries were kept for such as chose to read, and where poets recited their works to such as had patience to hear.

#### THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 5, 1827.

**THE PRAIRIE.**—This forthcoming work of Mr. Cooper is now anxiously looked for by the literati. Mr. C. is certainly very happy in the choice of names to his novels. The *Prairie* will be out in a few days. Five editions are in press: one in England, two in Paris, one in Berlin, and one in Philadelphia—all of which will appear simultaneously. The author has adopted the most effectual plan to secure the sole benefit of his labors, by this extended circulation of them. The *Prairie* will probably be as productive a work as any two from the same pen, that have preceded it.

**The Religion of the Sun**, a posthumous poem of Thomas Paine. Philadelphia, published for the booksellers, 1826.

Next to John Dunn Hunter's *Narrative*, we consider this work one of the boldest literary forgeries of modern times. We look upon it as a mere catch-penny performance, gotten up as a speculation, and intended to be made a profitable hoax upon the credit and authority of one of the soundest political writers of his age, the author of the *Rights of Man*. This poem has been before the public for nearly twelve months, without attracting any notice from the critics—whether because it was believed to be a spurious production, or because it possessed too little merit, is equally unimportant. The author says in his preface, that he has thrown his "literary foundling upon the ocean of public opinion, solicitous lest the blasts of criticism should overwhelm it ere it be permitted to speak for itself." And the stale reason, the unanimous opinion of friends, is given as a reason for committing it to the press.

An indistinct history of the poem is given by the author, in a preface which exhibits melancholy and abortive attempts at wit; a profusion of cant, vulgar slang,

unfit in any place, but on a pedlar's stall, and wretchedly inappropriate as the herald of a poem from the pen of Thomas Paine.

Soon after the death of Mr. Jefferson, an enquiry was set on foot by an eastern editor, whether his executors had discovered among his papers the manuscript of a poem called the "*Religion of the Sun*," written by Paine, and which, it is said had been put into Mr. Jefferson's hands by Paine, to be disposed of as the former thought proper. This inquiry went the rounds of the newspapers, without eliciting any answer from the quarter whither it was directed. Suddenly it was announced that this identical manuscript was in the hands of a gentleman of Philadelphia; but how it came in his possession, was carefully concealed. He states that, being in the crowd who followed that arrant buffoon, Col. *Pluck*, on one of his parades through our city, he "cast his eye up to the sky," (he meant *towards* the sky) which, on the way, was arrested by the inscription, "old and second hand books." Forgetting, very fortunately for the literary world, the gorgeous scene which was enacting round him, he "entered the Repository, and after examining many, purchased one, the interior of which [not the exterior] was interspersed with scraps of manuscript, the paper browned, and the writing well nigh bleached by time." This precious relic he discovered to be nothing more nor less than the long sought for "*Religion of the Sun*." Out of this mutilated manuscript he succeeded in making a kind of "orderly disorder,"—the same which we have now before us. Thanks to his disinterested labour!—What a treasure has he rescued from "the heedless besom of a bookseller!" And this, we believe, is a history of the "*Religion of the Sun*."

The poem is a strange, incongruous, unintelligible mass of disjointed ideas,—all of which is admirably accounted for by saddling upon the itinerant bookseller of whom it was bought, the very pardonable crime of having torn out a few leaves! The plot is difficult to discover, if any there be; is very brief, and is merely a peg to hang the author's ideas on. It cannot be that the author of the "*Death of Wolfe*," and the "*Liberty Tree*," could indite such nonsense as appears in the following extracts.

"Pavillion'd in voluptuous flow'rets stood  
The idol eagle; lily, jasmine, rose,  
Luscious sweet briar, and discous heliotrope  
Wove an umbrella for the figured shrine,  
Where Ornicynthis in its cup display'd  
Stamina, peering o'er a diamond pulpit,  
That duck their sapphire bonnets in the breeze;  
Or pour the balmy chrysorrhage adown  
The silver carp'd chalice, whence the petals,  
Branching with arborescent arteries  
Of topaz, rear their golden-bearded bells,  
And impregnate the burses of the breeze  
With camphorous spice, as when the vivid flash  
Of lightning, tapestries the foliag'd skies  
With fiery landscape, and a golden view;  
A cloud escutcheon'd with electric bordure,  
Hurts, from its mantling, javelins of fire:  
Or when the moon, in gay gondola, plies  
Her silver oar upon the purple waves  
Of heaven's spacious ocean, paddling thro'  
The golden button'd curtains of the skies—  
So shone the bow'r, so hung the idol bird  
On burnish'd jesses \* \* \* \* \*

"A buckler, brighter than the sun at zenith,  
Flung on his arm, of bordure, sinople,  
Orled with amulets. The purple scutcheon  
Of argent margin, in its fesse display'd  
A salant shape of barbed Pegasus,  
Charging through cloud and stormy element;  
While constellated on the flaming field,  
Scintillant blazon flash'd—an armed tire  
Gleam'd splendid o'er the flood of chrysolite,  
That frisk'd adown his burnish'd corselet."

A few good ideas occur in the poem; yet there is nothing for which the writer can claim any credit. His preface, as we mentioned before, is wretched. The scheme, by which the work was palmed upon the public, is too meagre to require any labour in detecting it; and the whole character of the poem such, as, if its history had been as plausible as that of *Knickerbocker*, or even *John Bull* in America, it would still bear upon its face the fullest evidence of a spurious origin.

ALNWICK CASTLE, with other Poems.—  
New York. G. & C. Carvill, 8vo. pp. 62,  
1827.

We lately heard it asserted by a literary friend, that the only way for a reviewer to become notorious, perhaps popular, is, to criticise severely, and without mercy, whatever he could lay his hands on. To run with the current smacks too much of servility—is too much like dancing attendance to popular opinion. If the public should approve a new novel by Cooper, or the (once) Great Unknown, why, he must e'en set down and point out its faults; or if it have none, he must *make* it have some. The world will then be inclined to give him credit for more discernment than even itself possesses—since he has pointed out discrepancies which escaped the scrutiny of the other. How true this may be, we leave for others to determine. Yet there is a danger that such a critic would be taken for a fool, instead of a man of judgment; for it would be no easy undertaking to convince the world that it is all in the wrong, and that he alone is in the right! Besides, there are works which the severest critic could not find it in his heart to condemn, however great his churlishness, or solemn his determination to find fault. And of this description we humbly conceive this little volume to be. Who has not read some one of those occasional poems of "CROAKER & Co." which some few years since enriched the columns of the New York Evening Post? And who that, while he read did not admire? This volume is from the pen of Mr. HALLECK, a conspicuous member of that highly gifted trio. The first poem in the collection is entitled "ALNWICK CASTLE," the ancient baronial palace of the Percys, "the flower of England's chivalry." It is a beautiful production, and commences,

"Home of the Percy's high-born race,  
Home of their beautiful and brave,  
Alike their birth and burial place,  
Their cradle and their grave:"

Mr. Halleck then goes on to muse upon this dilapidated mansion, which he says is "Wise with the lore of centuries," and indulges now and then in some of those laughable strokes of humour which abounded in his "Fanny." Such as,

"I wandered through the lofty halls  
Trod by the Percys of old fame,  
And traced upon the chapel walls  
Each high heroic name,  
From him who once his standard set  
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,  
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons;  
To him who, with a younger son,  
Fought for King George at Lexington,  
A major of Dragoons."

And again—

"You'll ask if yet the Percy lives  
In the armed pomp of feudal state!  
The present representatives  
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate,"  
Are some half dozen serving men,  
In the drab coat of William Penn;  
A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,  
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,  
Spoke Nature's aristocracy;  
And one, half groom, half Seneschal,  
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,  
From donjon keep to turret wall,  
For ten-and-sixpence sterling."

The volume contains, also, several shorter pieces, among them that justly admired poem on the death of Marco Bozzaris, the Grecian patriot. Another, entitled "Wyoming," contains a spice of the quaint, odd humour of his "Fanny."

"Judge Hallenbach, who keeps the toll-bridge gate,  
And the town records, is the Albert now  
Of Wyoming: like him, in church and state,  
Her Doric column; and upon his brow  
Thin hairs, with seventy winter's snow,  
Look patriarchal. Waldgrave 'twere in vain  
To point out here, unless in yon scare-crow,  
That stands full uniformed upon the plain,  
To frighten flocks of crows & blackbirds from the grain."

Yet there is much of the beautiful and pathetic in this poem—

"There is a woman, widowed, grey, and old,  
Who tells you where the foot of Battle slept

Upon their day of massacre. She told  
Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,  
Whereon her father and five brothers slept  
Shroudless, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave.  
When all the land a funeral mourning kept.  
And there wild laurels planted on the grave  
By Nature's hand, in air their pale red blossoms wave."

The last poem which we shall notice this week, is on the death of Dr. Joseph Rodman Drake, one of the firm of "Croaker & Co." He died in September, 1820.—We doubt whether so much deep, affectionate regret; so much tenderness; so much heart-broken affliction; and at the same time, so beautiful a tribute to the character of the deceased, were ever so charmingly embodied in so small a compass.

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
From eyes unused to weep,  
And long, where thou art lying,  
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,  
Like thine, are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven  
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow  
To clasp thy hand in mine,  
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
Whose weal and woe was thine;

It should be mine to braid it  
Around thy faded brow,  
But I've in vain essayed it,  
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,  
Nor thoughts nor words are free,  
The grief is fixed too deeply  
That mourns a man like thee."

THE JEFFERSON FUND.—The whole sum collected in Philadelphia for the benefit of Mr. Jefferson, amounting to \$2571 64, has been transmitted to Mrs. Randolph, the only daughter of the deceased. Twenty thousand dollars were collected for the Greeks, to whom we owed nothing; yet this wretched pittance is all the generosity of this state could furnish for the pressing necessities of one to whom we owed so much.

GROWTH OF PHILADELPHIA.—About the year 1776, a house at one of the corners of Fifth and Market St. was occupied as a tavern, and was much frequented by farmers, travellers, and persons coming into the city on business. It was the landlord's custom to station himself upon the porch every evening, and to hail every wagon as it came in from the country. The general reply to his frequent invitations to "stay all night," was "No, we're going on to town."

### THINGS IN GENERAL.

An action for breach of the marriage promise has recently been tried in Philadelphia.—The action was brought against a female. It appeared in evidence that the supposed promise was made in jest; a conclusion which was so much corroborated by the disparity of the parties concerned, that the jury gave a verdict for the lady.

President Holley, of Transylvania College, Ky., is about leaving this country on a tour in Europe, having ten sons of wealthy planters under his care. He is to receive \$3,000 per annum. A pleasant way of travelling, truly.

The New York papers mention that there has been a heavy fall of snow in that state, and that the Catskill Mountains are quite covered with that article—this accounts for the raw north-westerners we have had for a week past.

The Virginia papers contain an account of a storm which occurred in Mecklenburg, in that state, in which the hail stones fell as big as a goose egg! Did any of them hit the writer?

The story of Mrs. Opie and Anna Braithwaite coming to this country, is all a hoax.—The notice of their intended visit was palmed upon the Editor of the National Gazette, and published, although unaccompanied by any signature. The wantonness of this imposition can only be equalled by its baseness.

The long looked for statue of Washington has arrived at Boston from London, "all well."

Jacob Barker of New York, has been convicted of another libel on Abraham Mead.—He has also entered into recognizance to keep the peace for two years. When the jury had brought Jacob in guilty, he said he verily believed, that if he was indicted for the murder of Morgan, the freemason, any New York jury would find him guilty! so says Maj. Noah.

A heedless fellow in the county of Bristol, Mass. lately petitioned to be divorced from his wife; but when the case came on for trial, he was unable to prove he was ever married!

About two weeks ago a Charleston Editor was presented with two strawberries, each of which measured more than four inches in circumference; and the Editor of the Norfolk Herald acknowledges the receipt of a present of ripe raspberries.

A little girl, daughter of Sarah Brooks, near Nashville, Tenn. aged about six years, was a few days ago burnt to death, by accidental communication of fire to her clothes. Having taken fire to the field, where a young man was at work, she in sport gathered some dry grass, and set it in flames for amusement; the blaze seized on her clothing, she was so dreadfully burnt before assistance could be given, that she survived but a few hours.

The last cotton crop of Tennessee is expected to be worth not less than one and a half millions of dollars, and will perhaps be worth double that sum. So much for manufactures.

A fine speculation was made by the New Yorkers who sent out the first printing press to Chile, in South-America. They gave \$650 for it, and sold it for \$8,000.

The Brooklyn Star mentions that a gentleman near Utrecht, six miles from Brooklyn, has commenced the cultivation of eight acres of land, which are intended wholly for grapes, the greater part of which are daily expected from France. Dr. Vanderverter has also a fine little vineyard, from which he made last season a quantity of excellent wine.

The following are the terms in which a person in Connecticut advertises his house and out houses for sale. "For sale, an elegant brick dwelling house, in the centre of the very flourishing village of Greenfield, adjoining which is a shop heretofore occupied by a blacksmith, and is a very eligible situation for a gentleman of that profession."

POETRY.—Poetry is a pleasant honey; I advise thee only to taste it with the tip of thy finger, and not to live upon it. If thou dost, it will disorder thy head, and give thee dangerous vertigos.

He that understands the weight of each, would rather wield a flail than a sceptre.

Virtue needs no outward pomp; her very countenance is so full of majesty, that the proudest pay her respect, and the prophane are awed by her presence.

### CONNUBIAL LOVE.

Connubial love has dearer names,  
And finer ties and sweeter claims,  
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,  
Or wedded hearts can e'er reveal.  
Pure as the charities above,  
Rise the sweet sympathies of Love;  
And closer cords than those of life,  
Unite the husband and the wife.



## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Grigg has just received the history of Phillip's war, commonly called the Great Indian War of 1675 and '76. Also of the French and Indian Wars at the Eastward, in 1689, 1690, '92, '96, and 1704, by Thomas Church.

Proposals are issued for publishing at Baltimore, "The North American, or Weekly Journal of Politics, Science and Literature." To be edited by a gentleman of talents.

A second daily Newspaper is to be established in Rochester, N. Y. We should pronounce this undertaking rather premature.

A new novel, by the popular and gifted authoress of Redwood, is announced in the eastern papers, under the title of "Hope Leslie," or early times in the Massachusetts. It is, as may be inferred by the title, a story connected with the colonization of that state.

During his life, Buonaparte collected a volume of original confidential letters which had been written to him by several of the sovereigns of Europe. This curious and important volume he especially recommended to the care of his brother Joseph; but by some unknown means it found its way to London, where it was bought for 140,000, dollars by the minister of a great power, who amply reimbursed himself by the speculation, in retailing out to various ministers the letters of their sovereigns.

A new weekly paper, called the "Saturday Evening Gazette," has been commenced in N. York: price \$2, 50 per annum. We wish 'em all the success which they wish.

Miss Landon, generally known by the signature of "L. E. L." has published a volume of poems in London; and so much have the effusions of her pen been admired, that Nine Thousand copies were immediately sold. So much for female genius.

**THEATRICAL.**—Several excellent critiques on the acting at the Philadelphia theatre have appeared in the National Gazette, and display much good taste in the author. We select some remarks upon Miss WARREN, elicited by her first appearance on the stage.

**MISS WARREN IN FIDELIA.**—The comedy of The Foundling was revived last evening, in order to present to the public an interesting young lady, who made her first appearance on the stage. The drama is not remarkable for brilliancy of wit, or variety of incident, but is full of nature and simplicity; in the earlier acts the dialogue is carried on with spirit and vivacity, and it is interspersed with some scenes of much comic richness, and others of touching interest. It turns on the misfortunes of Fidelity, a beautiful girl, who had been thrown by the artifices of a designing woman, into the power of a villain. From him she is rescued by young Belmont, who, ignorant of her birth, and supposing her to be a foundling, forms a dishonourable plan to ruin her. The perplexities arising from this circumstance, her beauty, her innocence, the mystery which surrounds her, and her helpless lot, all give occasion to interesting scenes, until her true history is at last brought to light. She is then, according to established dramatic usage, restored to her father, and married to her lover.

To witness the efforts of Miss Warren in the representation of this character, was assembled last evening, one of the largest and most fashionable audiences, we have seen within the walls of our theatre. We believe few debutantes ever gave greater promise; we are sure the reception of no one was ever more flattering. The sentiment of the house was universal. Her personal charms are great; with a figure light and rather tall; her face is expressive, her voice melodious, her manner prepossessing, and her taste in dress (a thing

deserving particular attention on our stage) chaste and beautiful. Her recitation was throughout invariably accurate, and her delivery in every respect good. In the passages requiring uncommon vivacity and self command, she could not of course yet overcome at once all the timidity that her situation occasioned; but in those scenes which exhibited the retiring delicacy, the artlessness, and the conscious virtue of the young foundling, she produced an interest in the audience not often excited. The spirit with which she repulsed the base insinuations of Faddle, her appeal to the honour of Belmont, above all her reflections on her wretched situation—"I have wandered from my cradle, the very child of misfortune"—her touching interview with her father while ignorant of him, and her prayer to heaven to give her patience, were marked by a genius and by just conception that drew forth loud and continued applause.

We believe that this young lady has talents, which if carefully cultivated, will secure to her permanently the favour she has received; and we hope that ere long, an opportunity will again be afforded us of witnessing her performance, in a part calculated still more to call forth her powers. We do not know whether her attention has been at all turned to tragedy; if it has we would suggest the part of Virginia as one extremely well calculated to exhibit her peculiar advantages, and when accompanied by Mr. Macready, as likely to aid him, and do credit to herself. X.

Mr. FORREST is attracting universal admiration wherever he appears. The New-York Chronicle speaks of him in these flattering terms:

We witnessed, last evening, the part of Virginius, sustained for the first time by our tragedian; and though there were certainly faults in the performance, (what human work is without them?) yet the excellencies were so numerous, and of such high character, as to confirm us more entirely in the opinion we have for some time entertained, that Mr. Forrest has no equal in this country. Kean himself said of him—and the remarks of Kean on subjects connected with the stage are certainly entitled to deference—that viewed under the circumstances of youth, and consequent want of experience, he believed him the greatest actor in the world. This observation was uttered before the New-York audience had seen and been delighted with the Othello of the unknown boy, when he played at Woodhull's benefit last summer. We do not quote it now to shield ourselves from ridicule on account of our bold assertion; for the time has come when incredulity itself is convinced of the wonderful powers of this histrionic marvel. There are some yet who will not yet allow that one so young, both in life and his profession, can be a great actor; but they argue against the convictions of their senses and their judgments; and were the question asked of them, during the excitement which his acting never fails to produce, "is he not great?"—the answer, indubitably, would be a warm affirmative.

**GYMNASIUM.**—The Albany Academy have resolved to introduce gymnastic exercises, for the benefit of the pupils. The following strange collection of implements is necessary, and agents have been appointed to procure them:

1. A climbing machine with ropes and ladders.
2. A mast and few poles, inclined at various angles from 4 to 6 inches diameter.
4. One or more wooden horses for vaulting, with soft saddles.
5. Two or three pairs parallel bars.
6. A few spruce poles for jumping.
7. "jumping-stands."

8. A ditch for leaping over, narrow at one end, and twenty feet wide at the other.

9. Poles supported at their ends for hanging from, and turning over.

10. A mast for walking on, one third part to be firm, the residue unsteady.

After the Boston Institution had been in operation about a month, we find the following account of it in the Journal of Education published in that city.

"In our last we had barely room to mention the opening of the gymnasium, with a very large number of pupils. A month's opportunity of observing its progress and participating in its exercises, enables us now to say that thus far it gives the utmost satisfaction to those who have made the experiment of taking a course of lessons. The physical effects of the gymnastic exercises on pupils of very different ages—from ten to fifty—are surprising. Many have doubled their vigour, and attained that habitual glow of activity which does not die away immediately after the hour of exercise is over, but accompanies the individual into the transaction of business, or sustains him through the tedious hours of sedentary application. The general and substantial improvement of health, is another benefit arising from the Gymnasium. Periodical and permanent head-aches, which nothing else could affect, have in some instances been done away; and to all this may be added the ability for various bodily movements and efforts, which, a month ago seemed to the same individuals who now perform them with ease, to require an energy almost miraculous."

## FOR THE ARIEL.

Tradition, which is the oral communication of facts from one person to another, may be so much neglected that the occurrence of many important events must be lost to the world, which, if seasonably committed to writing, would have added to the sum of useful knowledge, or might gratify the curious inquirer into the early history of men and manners, which, in this country, is peculiarly interesting.

There is one fact in the history of Pennsylvania, relative to the site of the city of Philadelphia, which, in early life, I often heard related, and of which I have since found no written notice by Smith, the venerable historian of New-Jersey, or by Proud, of Pennsylvania; it is this, that the city of Philadelphia was first intended to be located on the high bank of the Delaware, near the mouth of Poqueston creek, where the place, well known as "the Bake House," about twelve miles above the city, is situated. I well remember Edward Cathrall, an aged man, who resided at Burlington, in whose company I have frequently passed to and from that place to Philadelphia, between the years 1770 and 1774, who, on approaching that spot, invariably pointed to it and denoted it as "the place where William (meaning Wm. Penn) first designed to plant the city of Philadelphia," and this was so often repeated, more than fifty years ago, that I regard the relation of it now as well worthy of record, even at this day. The same venerable narrator used to say that the reason why the above spot was abandoned, was the discovery of several shoals in the river, which William Penn apprehended would retard the future navigation for heavy ships; and that he decided wisely we of the present day can testify. This is truly tradition. When it is considered that, in 1773 or 1774, this aged man was nearly eighty years of age, there can be no doubt that his earliest recollections were mingled with the remembrance of many of the fathers of the city and province, from whose lips he must have heard the fact now mentioned, and of which he retained the history to a very late period of his life.

## FOR THE ARIEL.

*The following jeu d'esprit was sent to a lady written in cypher.*

Our Grandfather Adam in Eden's fair bowers,  
Beheld with such pleasure the fruits and the flowers,  
'Twas plain he would soon grow too fond of his birth,  
And a partner was sent him to wean him from Earth.

Were it not for this tempest that ruffles life's tide,  
So smooth down the current our vessels would glide,  
We ne'er should be willing to look to that shore,  
Where the trammels of wedlock can vex us no more.

Alas! how my heart has been rendered with sighs,  
How the tears of compassion have stream'd from my eyes

When I've thought of my brethren and sisters that sup  
Of the ills that are mix'd in the conjugal cup.

How great and how varied the ill's that they bear!  
What a famine of pleasure and feast of all care;  
How desperate their case is, whom nothing can save  
From ceaseless contention and strife but the grave.

The clash of opinion embitters their days.  
With ceaseless endeavours to travel two ways,  
Unwilling to follow, each tugs to prevail  
Like two angry kittens tied fast by the tail.

Then marry my friends—but endeavour to find  
Encumbrances crooked of body and mind,  
For the heavier the load is with which you're oppress,  
The more you will relish the blessings of rest.

*The lady to whom the foregoing was sent, remonstrating with the author, he wrote the following as a peace-offering.*

Sweet is friendship's sacred flame,  
Sweet is fancy's magic power,  
Sweet the breath of well earned-fame,  
Sweet each self-approving hour.

Sweet the peace their bosoms know  
Who bid the sorrowing cease to sigh,  
And sweet the stealing tears that flow  
From dove-like pity's pensive eye.

But sweeter far the bliss when hymen binds  
In his soft fetters two congenial minds—  
His torch, unlike the meteor's transient blaze,  
Shall gild their prospects with unvarying rays;  
The darkest hours of changing life illumine,  
And shed a radiance round the peaceful tomb.

## HUMOROUS.

Prithce, Pains, lend me thy hand  
To laugh a little.

"My dear brethren" said a dissenting minister lately from his pulpit, never put yourselves into the liability of losing your reason! Reason is a bridle which has been given to us to direct our passions." On the same day the pastor got drunk. One of his congregation asked him what he had done with his bridle? "Good faith," said he, I have taken it off to drink."

**FALSE LABEL.**—A boy called several times in the course of a day at a public office on business, but found the officer always absent, although he saw the label on the door, "In from ten to one." The lad, after repeated disappointment, took out his pencil and altered the label, so that it read as follows, and more agreeably with truth—"In from ten to one." "And then ten to one if you find him in."

[A lawyer at Lincoln's inn, London, adopted a much safer label—back in two hours—so that at whatever hour, and however often, a client might call, the lawyer could not be accused of falsifying his word.]

**GREAT MODESTY.**—Mr. Lemuel Sawyer, a representative in Congress from North-Carolina, has in a letter addressed to Capt. Parry, requested that intrepid navigator "to proclaim his name to the North Pole in an everlasting voice" by affixing it to some island, mountain or river.

**THE TRAVELS OF A SNAKE STORY.**—An exhibitor of a collection of Rattlesnakes in Boston, having lost two of those reptiles by natural death, threw them into a brook. Some boys discovered their mortal remains and pel-

ted them with sticks and stones until they were as dead as Hotspur after Falstaff had killed him the second time, when they bore them in triumph through the city. One of the wonder writers, or dreadful-accident-makers of the Boston press, got wind of the circumstance, and published that two rattle-snakes had been killed in the streets. Starting forth upon its travels, the story had not journeyed far before it encountered the pen, scissors and paste, of some poor editorial wight who was hard run for a paragraph, and, before he had done with the snakes, he caused them to bite two children before the boys killed them, tho' they were too dead to bite before. If this little "snake story" continues to increase at this rate, before it reaches Natches and Tuscaloosa, it will appear that the rattle-snakes in Boston are as thick as "venomous worms of the Nile" and that the people, men, women and children, have fled before them in terror and alarm, unequalled since the celebrated invasion of Windham by the frogs.

**FRENCH DEBATES.**—Whoever has read an account of a debate in the French Chamber of Deputies, must have been greatly amused with the descriptive annotations of the reporters, which are continually interspersed over the speeches. To such of our readers as may not have any French newspapers at hand, the following extracted phrases may be a curiosity.

(Much disapprobation in the centre, and interruption)—(general sensation, whispering in the centre)—(great commotion in the assembly)—(denials from the centre. Several voices 'It is true—it is true')—(lively agitation)—(from the centre, ah! ah!)—(demonstrations of attention)—(confused exclamations)—(renewed agitation)—(negative murmurs)—(agitation continually increasing)—(violent murmurs)—(tumultuous agitation, drowning the orator's voice)—(agitation at its height).—When this last incident occurs the President tinkles his little bell, and if silence be not restored, he quits the chair and dissolves the assembly.

## LOVE OF THE PASSIONS.

"I loved him too, as woman loves—  
Reckless of sorrow, sin or scorn:  
Life had no evil destiny  
That with him I would not have borne.  
I had been nursed in palaces;  
Yet earth had not a spot so drear  
That I should not have thought a home,  
A paradise, had he been near.

I loved: my love had been the same  
In hushed despair, in open shame.  
I would have rather been a slave  
In tears and bondage by his side,  
Than shared in all if wanting him,  
This world had power to give beside."

## LOVE OF THE AFFECTIONS.

My love was fervent, for I felt  
The ardours of its purest flame  
Glow in each pulse, in fondness melt,—  
Yet free from passion, sin and shame;  
For he who kindled the chaste fire  
Had worth such kindness to inspire.

I had prosperity enjoyed,  
And well might hope a larger share;  
But I could see those hopes destroyed,  
And meet with poverty and care,  
If such his lot,—for still was given  
Trust in the favoring aid of Heaven.

I loved: nor could, while thus I loved,  
Regret or scorn my peace molest;  
For all the wise and good approved,  
And God the virtuous union blest,  
"Stronger than death" is love like this,—  
To be renewed in realms of bliss.

## AN INTEMPERATE QUESTION.

To cheat the world two base contractors come,  
One deals in *corn*, the other deals in *rum*.—  
Which is the greatest rogue, dear sir, explain,  
The rogue in *spirit*—or the rogue in *grain*?

## VARIETY.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,  
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

An old writer observes says Edmund Burke, "that we fatten sheep with grass, not in order to obtain a crop of hay from his back, but in the hope that he will feed us with mutton, and clothe us with wool." We may apply this to the sciences; we teach a young man algebra, the mathematics and logic, not that he should take his equations and parallelograms into Westminster Hall, nor bring his ten predicaments to the House of Commons, but that he should bring a mind to both these places, so well stored with the principles of truth and of reason, as not to be deceived by the chicanery of the bar nor the sophistry of the senate.—The acquirements of science may be termed the armour of the mind; but that armour would be worse than useless, that cost us all we had, and left us nothing to defend.

He that can please nobody, if not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

If rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth, but if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find it less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat.

Memory is the friend of wit, but the treacherous ally of invention, and there are many books that owe their success to two things, the good memory of those who write them, and the bad memory of those who read them.

Covetous men need money least, yet most affect it; and prodigals, who need it, least regard it.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, but avarice wants all things.

The worthiest people are most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

To be slandered ranks us with men of the greatest merit, who could never escape the calumnies of the envious.

When Anaxagoras was told of the death of his son, he only said, "I knew he was mortal." So we in all casualties of life should say, I knew my riches were uncertain, that my friend was but a man. Such considerations would soon pacify us, because all our troubles proceed from their being unexpected.

Hope is the last thing that dieth in man;—and though it be deceitful, yet is of this good use for us, that while we are travelling thro' life it conducts us an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.

He that wants hope is the poorest man living.

**THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT.**—The famous actor, Elliston, lately became bankrupt, as the Manager of the London Drury Lane Theatre. In the report of his final examination before the Bankrupt Commissioners, there is the following paragraph.—"From the balance sheet it appeared, that at the time [1819] when the Drury Lane Theatre came into Mr. Elliston's possession, he was possessed of unincumbered property to the amount of 20,000 pounds; that the expenses of the alterations which he had made in the interior of the Theatre, and the full benefit of which remained to the proprietors, amounted to between thirty and forty thousand pounds, exclusive of the current expenditure. His debts now were about 40,000 pounds, and his available property to meet them, about fifteen thousand pounds."

A letter-box for the ARIEL is established at No. 71, Market-st. through which communications exclusively of a literary nature, and subscriptions, will be received.